**"What It Means" – DBT**

He was running down the street  
When they shot him in his tracks  
About the only thing agreed upon  
Is he ain't coming back  
There won't be any trial  
So the air it won't be cleared  
There's just two sides calling names  
Out of anger out of fear  
If you say it wasn't racial  
When they shot him in his tracks  
Well I guess that means that you ain't black  
It means that you ain't black  
I mean Barack Obama won  
And you can choose where to eat  
But you don't see too many white kids  
Lying bleeding on the street  
  
In some town in Missouri  
But it could be anywhere  
It could be right here on Ruth Street  
In fact it's happened here  
And it happened where you're sitting  
Wherever that might be  
And it happened last weekend  
And it will happen again next week  
And when they turned him over  
They were surprised there was no gun  
I mean he must have done something  
Or else why would he have run  
And they'll spin it for the anchors  
On the television screen  
So we can shrug and let it happen  
Without asking what it means  
  
What it means?  
What it means?  
  
Then I guess there was protesting  
And some looting in some stores  
And someone was reminded that  
They ain't called colored folks no more  
I mean we try to be politically  
Correct when we call names  
But what's the point of post-racial  
When old prejudice remains?  
And that guy who killed that kid

Down in Florida standing ground  
Is free to beat up on his girlfriend  
And wave his brand new gun around  
While some kid is dead and buried  
And laying in the ground  
With a pocket full of skittles  
  
What it means?  
What it means?  
  
Astrophysics at our fingertips  
And we're standing at the summit  
And some man with a joystick  
Lands a rocket on a comet  
We're living in an age  
Where limitations are forgotten  
The outer edges move and dazzle us  
But the core is something rotten  
And we're standing on the precipice  
Of prejudice and fear  
We trust science just as long  
As it tells us what we want to hear  
We want our truths all fair and balanced  
As long as our notions lie within it  
There's no sunlight in our ass'  
And our heads are stuck up in it  
And our heroes may be rapists  
Who watch us while we dream  
But don't look to me for answers  
Cuz I don't know what it means  
  
What it means?  
What it means?